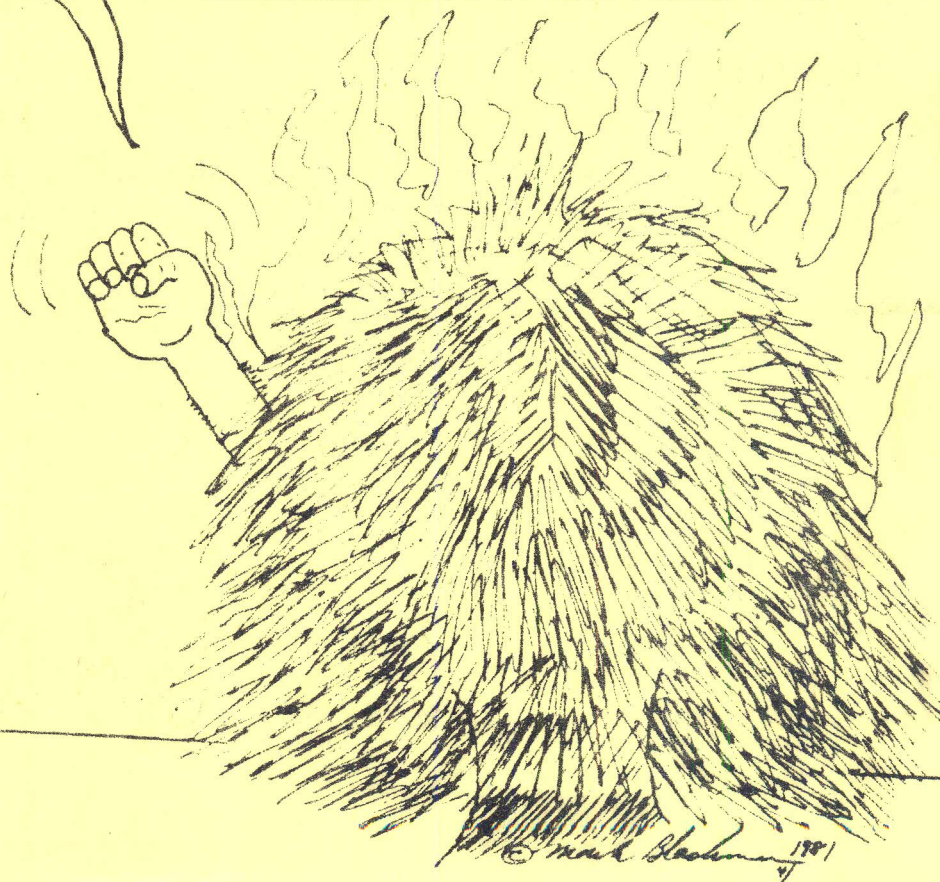


AAA-E#10IX

~~1 MAT~~ 1981  
BELTANE

More verses to "Real Old-Time Religion"?! That really burns me up!



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# TITLE INDEX (cont)

- Merick - SuD v2 #3 - #7
- Little Jack Horner (math) - [Space Child's Mother Goose] - FOaN v2 #1 - #5
- Locked Room Mystery - Bob Lipton - (Room Without Windows) - SoN #5 - #5
- Look for the Union Prices - John Boardman - (Look for the Union Label) - Anakreon #7 - #7
- Marsupial Fandom - various - (Temperance Union) - Anakreon #4 - #5
  - SuD v2 #4 - #8
- Mercenaries - John Boardman (no tune assigned) - Anakreon #4 - #5
- Muniteman - Adam Kasanof - (Rocket Man) - Get Your Filk - #7
- Mire of Ages - various - (Rock of Ages /Christian/) - Anakreon #7 - #7
- Mugging Victim's Prayer - Dana A Snow - (Can't Buy Me Love) - Silly Symphoniew #1 - #7
- Music-itis - Dana A Snow - (assorted tunes) - Silly Symphonies #2 - #8
- My Guitar is Alive - Dana A Snow - (?) - Silly Symphonies #1 - #7
- the Ninja & Samurai Sam - Caorlyn Steely - (original) - FOaN v2 #4 - #8
- Nuke the Whales - John Boardman - (Be Prepared) - Anakreon #7 - #7
- Nuke the Whales - Bob Lipton - (Be Prepared) - SoN #6 - #6
- the Old Eagle Banner - Bob Lipton - (Marching Thru Georgia) - SoN #6 - #6
- Old Trekkers Never Die - Greg Baker & Roberta Rogow - (Old Soldiers Never Die) - QWxb!!3 - #5
- Qualified Republican Anthem - - (Hymn to the Soviet Union) - same typeface as QWxb!! but preceeds page 1
- Reindeer Song - Carol Kramer - (Rudolf) - Anakreon #4 - #5
- reprints
  - from "America Sings" - SingSpiel #5 - #6
  - from "the Debauched Hospitaler" - Anakreon #5 - #6
- (parody of) a Salvation Army Hymn - recorded by Robert Graves - (Whiter than the Snow) Anakreon #5 - #6
- Rudolph the Disco Reindeer - [National Lampoon Dec 79] - (Rudolph) - Anakreon #4 - #5
- Rudolph the Drunken Reindeer - Dana A Snow - (Rudolph) - Silly Symphonies #2 - #8
- S T L - Lee Burwasser - (Springhill Mine) - SuD v2 #3 - #7
- Saturday Night at the Filksing - Harold Groot - (Sat Nite at the Movies) - FOaN v2 #4- #8
- school filk
  - Chiquita banana - 50 Ways #3 - #5
  - God Save the King - Someone Else's Room #4 - #5
  - God Save the King - Anakreon #4 - #5
  - the King's Navy - FOaN v2 #3 - #7
  - Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay - QWxb!!3 - #5
- Scienc e Fiction, Let Me Go - Jordin Kare - (Blackleg Miner) - Hdsq #4 - #8
- izzy Lane - Mark Blackman - (Penny Lane) - SingSpiel #7 - #7
- See the Beatniks - Burt Siegel - (Little Boxes) - FOaN v2 #4 - #8

# T I T L E I N D E X ( c o n t )

Shore Leave Blues - Gregory Baker - (original -QWxb!! #4 - #6

short stuff

Christmas parodies - John Boradman - Anakreon #7 - #7

miscellany - Dana A Snow - Silly Symphonies #2 - #8

sex parodies - Dana A Snow - Silly Symphonies #2 - #8

show stopper - Dana A Snow - (Fool on the Hill) - Silly Symphonies #1 - #7

Sixpounce - (I've Got Sixpence) - same typeface as QWxb!! but precedes page 1  
- #7

Slobbovian Old Time Religion - Greg Costikyan - (Old Time Religion) - Get Your  
Filk - #7

So Wary of Strangers - Dick Trtck - (Away in a Manger) - Get Your Filk - #7

Solo - George Paczolt - (Lola) - FOaN v2 #3 - #7

Song of Whiskeys - Margaret Middleton - (Sing a Song of Sixpence) - Someone Else's  
Room #5 - #7

Spacely Sprockets - Dana A Snow - (Davy Crocket) - Silly Symphonies #2 - #8

Squire of Gothos - Greg Baker & Lisa Hess - (I Feel Pretty) - QWxb!!3 - #5

T M G - Harold Groot - (Whiffenpoof Song) - FOaN v2 #3 - #7

Tasty Weed - Dana A Snow - (Mountain Dew) - Silly Symphonies #2 - #8

Teddy's Song - [reprinted from National Lampoon] - (A Little Help From My Friends)  
- SingSpiel #5 - #6

That Real Old Time Religion

Anakreon #6 - #6

Anakreon #8 - #8

FOaN v2 #1 - #5

Silly Symphonies #1 - #7

SingSpiel #6 - #6

SingSpiel #8 - #8

Someone Else's Room #5 - #7

SoN #5 - #5

This Con - Mark Richards - (This Train) - Tone=Deaf Bard #5 - #7

Three Cheers for the Nairmy - anon - Get Your Filk - #7

the Tory Flag - Roger Woddis - (The Red Flag) - Anakreon #5 - #6

Transporter Delight - Dana Snow - (Dream a Little Dream of Me) - Silly Symponies #2 - #8

Trantor - Bob Lipton - (Broadway) - SoN #7 - #7

Vulcan Get Angry - Harold Groot - (Johnny Get Angry) - FOaN v2 #1 - #5

We are sinking deep in sin (parody) - L R Y - SuD v2 #4 - #8

We Didn't Need the Stars - Harold Groot - (Those Were The Days) - FOaN v2 #4 - #8

Where No Man Has Gone Before - Dana Snow - (the Impossible Dream) - Silly Symphonies  
#2 - #8

Wreck of the Fen - Mark Richards - (Wrech of the John B) - Tone-deaf Bard #5 - #7



A P A - F I L K 1 9 8 0

# 5 February

Strum und Drang (SuD) v 2 #1 -- Lee Burwasser  
Anakreon #4 -- John Boardman  
Music of the Spheres #2 -- Harry Andruschak  
Something of Note (SoN) #5 -- Robert Bryan Lipton  
SingSpiel #4 -- Mark Blackman  
Hemidemisemiquaver (HDSQ) #2 -- Jordin Kare  
Beyond the Fringefan -- Mark Glasser  
Filksongs Old and New (FOaN) v 2 #1 -- Harold Groot  
QWXb!!3 -- Greg Baker  
They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room Next Time #4 --  
Margaret Middleton  
50 Ways to Torture Terrans #3 -- Ray Heuer

# 6 May

Anakreon #6 -- John Boardman  
SingSpiel #6 -- Mark Blackman  
QWXb!!4 -- Greg Baker  
Filksongs Old and New v 2 #2 -- Harold Groot  
SingSpiel #5 -- Mark Blackman  
Something of Note #6 -- Bob Lipton  
Strum und Drang v 2 #1[2] -- Lee Burwasser  
Anakreon #5 -- John Boardman  
Hemidemisemiquaver #3 -- Jordin Kare

# 7 August

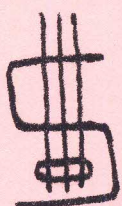
Anakreon #7 -- John Boardman  
Silly Symphonies #1 -- Dana Snow  
Something of Note #7 -- Bob Lipton  
Strum und Drang v 2 #3 -- Lee Burwasser  
Tone-Deaf Bard #5 -- Mark Richards  
Someone Else's Room #5 -- Mgt Middleton  
QWXb!! -- Greg Baker  
Get Your Filk Off My Knee -- Greg Costikyan  
Filksongs Old and New v 2 #3 -- Harold Groot  
SingSpiel #7 -- Mark Blackman

# 8 November

Silly Symphonies #2 -- Dana Snow  
Anakreon #8 -- John Boardman  
Something of Note #8 -- Bob Lipton  
SingSpiel #8 -- Mark Blackman  
Strum und Drang v 2 #4 -- Lee Burwasser  
Someone Else's Room #6 -- Mgt Middleton  
RSVP #1 -- Dana Snow  
Hemidemisemiquaver #4 -- Jordin Kare  
Filksongs Old and New v 2 #4 -- Harold Groot







STRUM

UND



DRANG

Vol. III #2

SuD

Beltane

\*\*\*\*\*

COPYRIGHT ALERT

\*\*\*\*\*

COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT IS A NO-NO. THE HOLDER CAN SUE -- ALL OF US.

We've all been entirely too lax about it. And I'm not talking about the affairs within fandom, serious though they are. I mean infringement on protected commercial work. Do we really want to lose all our shirts in a copyright suit? Don't think we can't; APA-FILK can be sued as easily as the individual apazines.

Until now, filk has ignored copyright -- and gotten away with it, since we've been rather the equivalent of campfire sings. Nobody is paid to filk, nobody pays to filk, and everything goes on within a limited group. So long as filk is unpublished, we can go on ignoring copyright.

But now filk is being published. Not just songbooks: APA-FILK counts as publication, and so does taping a filk session and selling copies. If we don't think about copyright, and about who owns the various tunes we write lyrics to, we can get in deep trouble.

If you learn a song from a record or sheet music, and sing it at filk sessions, you're not publishing -- unless you let someone make a tape of your singing for sale or general distribution. When you let another filker copy from your songbook, you're not publishing; nor when you let someone tape you for that someone's personal collection (a songbook-equivalent). But when you xerox up a couple dozen copies to distribute, you may have to argue the question in court. And when you publish in APA-FILK, there's no question at all.

I've been as lazy as anyone: I waited until this past March (the 9th, to be exact) before I checked up on the matter. I asked the Public Information Office how to tell whether something is protected, a few specific questions of liability, and a specific question on just what is protected.

Here's what I found:

First: the courts decide what's infringement. What I got, and am passing on, are very rough guidelines. If there's any question at all, do not depend on this; consult section 107 of the new copyright law.



Second: extent of liability is a legal decision. If I infringe on someone's copyright, can Bob be sued? Can the rest of the apa be sued? There are only two ways to find out: (1) ask a lawyer, and (2) get dragged into court. Both are expensive.

Third: it's up to the would-be publisher to determine if a work is still protected. As of 1981, anything dated before 1906 is in the public domain, while anything copyrighted since 1953 is still protected. A copyright date between 1906 and 1953 means the work is protected if the copyright was renewed. To find out if it was renewed, you can do a search of the records, or you can hire Copyright to search-- at \$10 per hour or fraction thereof. You need either the author's name or the name of the holder of the copyright; title of the work is not enough for a search.

Fourth: sale or general distribution constitutes publication. Sale means money changing hands, not profit made. APA-FILK is sold, since money changes hands, so what we do is publishing, and we can be sued for copyright infringement.

Fifth: the precise borderline between limited and general distribution is a legal decision. Letting someone copy from your songbook for the someone's own songbook is limited distribution, but beyond that, it's up to the courts.

Sixth: there are some cases in which you can't be held responsible. If someone tapes you without your knowledge, you aren't responsible for that tape. If someone asks to copy your songbook for the someone's own songbook, and then publishes the copy, you aren't responsible. The same if someone asks to tape you for a personal collection and then publishes the tape; you are not party to the misdeed. You ARE responsible if you know that a tape is being made for sale or general distribution.

Seventh: the copyright on a derivative work protects the derived work, not the original one. So if someone copyrights an arrangement of a traditional song, the copyright protects the arrangement, not the original tune. Same for a translation; the copyright protects the translation, not the original words. The original may be protected by a different copyright, though, and you are responsible for finding out.

\* \* \*

What I'm going to do, and what I advise all apa members to do, is stop writing out tunes that I don't know are in the public domain. Sorry, troops; you'll have to look them up. I'll give you what data I can, but I won't publish them.

DO NOT ASSUME THAT A "FOLK TUNE" IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN unless you know for a fact that it predates 1906. Songs of the Depression are within that 'possibly renewed' area (if the tune was original then) and songs of the 60s are still under original copyright. Chase a tune back to 1905 before you decide it's 'traditional'.



If any of us has already stepped on someone's copyright, we're up shit creek with no paddle; you can't unpublish what's already appeared. But we can look to the future. If you want to publish someone else's song, or get it on a tape for sale or general distribution, the lyric-writer's OK will not protect you if said lyric-writer turns out to have used a copyrighted tune. It doesn't matter at a filk session, since nobody pays or gets paid, and it's a private get-together; it damned well matters if the thing gets published.

O.K. We can't get notarised statements from everyone who asks for the work. But we'd better get into the habit of saying "The tune's copyrighted," or "I don't know if the tune's copyrighted or not," if only to keep ourselves off the hook. And we'd better get into the habit of checking copyright status before we use a tune; if the tune is copyrighted, you must get permission to tape your song for publication. You must get permission to publish that tune in a songbook, or you can only say "sung to XXXX". If you don't want that hassle, don't use protected tunes.

### t w a n g s

ANAKREON (Boardman): While I'm thinking of it, has anyone touted you on to Mary Renault's THE PRAISE SINGER? Anakreon is a major character. Bantam put it out in paperback. // A SCAdain hight Charolette (note the 'o', it gets a syllable to itself) is much pissed off by people singing 'Cahrlotte the Harlot'. So we wrote:

Charlotte, the Bardic, whose verse we abhor:  
The last one was treason, and now here's one more!

as the chorus to raunchy and otherwise scurrilous verses about the SCAdian royalty. I don't know if anything came of it. // Debra Doyle knows how to do alliterative verse. I'm going to get her to teach me, Real Soon Now. // The Dorsai Irregulars aren't the only singing mercenaries around, and by no means the worst, either.

FILKERS TIL DAWN (Groot): Anything's better when you know the background. (Well . . . almost anything . . . ) The point is that you can follow the story without. //

Now, bhlog looks like fruit punch, it goes down like wine.  
It's your turn to drink, while I take the next line.  
If we're singing the same song, we're doing just fine:  
Bhlog makes a great mix with singing.

Whenever the song mentions Tully, you pause [pause]  
If you haven't learned why yet: Well, it's just because.  
You drink it like kool-aid; just open your jaws  
For Tully [pause] as well as for singing.

SoN (Lipton): I like 'Drunken Filkers'. Minus the last verse, it could make a good opening hymn for a filk session. Then the last



ones up could close down with verse last. // I see we both listen to John. Sometimes.

Well, since John started us on STAR WARS filk, I just happen to have here:

### H A N ' S   S O N G

(tune: Bad Man's Blunder)

Passengers or cargo, it's the same to me:

We'll get 'em here to there, but friend, it ain't for free.

A lot of boats are armed, and not at all polite;

It's figured in the bill that we can run or fight.

A lot of boats are armed

/Bristly, friend/

And not at all polite

/Downright abusive/

It's figured in the bill

/Itemisation extra/

That we can run or fight

/Whatever seems smart at the time/

It was just another flight, it was the old routine

When I found a load of passengers on Tattooine.

Around the spaceport bars, they call me Cautious Han,

But sometimes you get more'n you ever reckoned on.

Well, 'Round the spaceport bars

/From here to the Rim/

They call him Cautious Han

/Family tradition/

But sometimes you get more

/Way more!/

Than you reckoned on.

/I still don't believe it/

Now, hero as a game, it purely don't appeal,

But a lot of little things can change the way you feel.

The codger and the kid, they didn't rate so high,

But mention a reward and then you'll see us fly.

The codger and the kid

/Oh, they're OK/

Didn't rate so high,

/They were wierd!/

But mention a reward

/A big one/

And then you'll see us fly.

/Anywhere at all/

Well, they paid us on arrival, and they paid in cash,

But the kid had filled his head with purest balderdash.

I wanted him along, 'cause he was born to fly,

But he has to join a wing and go get shot from the sky.

It's figured in

(cont.)

That we can run or

seems smart at the time/

It was just another flight

When I found a load of



Han's Song (cont)

Wanted him along  
'Cause he was born to fly,  
But he has to join a wing  
And go get shot from the sky

/Can always use a pilot/  
/Like he grewed there/  
/Stupid buggers/  
/No skin off us, partner; let's go/

But my partner didn't like it, and he let me know,  
And there wasn't any place I really hankered to go.  
I can't resist a gamble when the stakes are high,  
So we came in like a comet from an empty sky.

Can't resist a gamble  
When the stakes are high.  
Came in like a comet  
From an empty sky.

/Gonna kill me some day/  
/Like my neck/  
/Fast/  
/I'm on his tail, kid, so move it!/  
JAIL

The lines in /slashes/ are spoken. 'Bad Man's Blunder' is a Cisco Houston/Lee Hays. I got it off STRING ALONG WITH THE KINGSTON TRIO. I don't know if or where it's been written down. And I'm not goint to put it down here until I know it's copy-right status.

The next one is from Alex Gilliland's STAR WARS'ROOTS, copyright 1979.

Battle Song of the Jedi Knights

(tune: Zhonkoia)

In the battle, who is peerless

But our gallant leader fearless,

Juan Quenobi, Obi Juan

Who will lead us into slaughter,

On the land or under water

But our Captain Obi Juan.

Hey, Juan! Hey Quenobi!

Hey, Juan! Hey, Juan! Hey, Quenobi!

Hay, Quenobi! Obi Juan!

[reprise last three lines]

(cont.)



(Battle Song of the Jedi, cont.)

When this war at last is ended,  
Jedi ranks will be amended  
    Juan Quenobi, Obi Juan.  
There's a small collective farm:  
We Jedi bought it, every one,  
    Except our leader, Obi Juan.

Hey, Juan! Hey, Quenobi!  
Hey, Juan! Hey, Juan! Hey, Quenobi!  
    Hey, Quenobi! Obi Juan!  
Hey, Juan! Hey, Quenobi!  
Hey, Juan! Hey, Juan! Hey, Quenobi!  
    Juan Quenobi, Obi Juan!

When at last this war is finished,  
Jedi ranks will be diminished;  
    Juan will be the only one.

Hey, Juan! Hey Quenobi! [et cetera]

---Alex Gilliland

['Zhonkoya' (that's just a guess at the spelling) is from a record album: Limelitters or Lettermen or some such group. I'll try to get the data before deadline.]

STAR ROOTS was one of those \*e\*v\*e\*n\*t\*s\* -- the script, the troupe, and the audience all go click, and everything transcends. Lee Smoire, as the balladeer, did Battle Song wearing a light-colored dress like an Ionic chiton, accompanying herself on the tambourine.

LATE REPORT on the Atlantean Songbook.

I've left the SCA, so as to have time for history, but it's going to take a year or so to tie off the loose ends. I will put out the songbook, though most of what I have so far is either Ellie Ide's or mine. Real Soon Now.

AND CONCERNING THINGS SCAdian:

One Aed of Avigdor (P O Box 423, Tallmadge OH 44278) is trying to facilitate communication among bardic types. And SCAdian or Marklandic singer who feels ~~that~~ dedicated enough can get hold of him. I haven't got his legal name, but with a post office box it shouldn't matter.

SCHOLARLY NOTE: One Bruce McAllister, at University of Redlands (California) is in the process of putting together an SF poetry anthology. I suggested that he winnow filk, and gave him the Filk Foundation's box number, late in February. Early March I got a rather gushy thank-you letter; I don't think much of their form-writer. It says there will be some sort of decision 'in two months', and the verdict will be communicated then. You figure it out.



# the story hour

... had better be less than an hour long.

Retelling stories in verse is a well-known form of filk. There's a knack to it. I haven't got it yet, but I'm working on it.

My first effort was "Oliver's Brag", a short story by Anatole France. It ended up three dozen verses long.

First lesson: don't be diffuse. Keep to the main plot and let the artistic flourishes go. Remember that your audience knows the story; if they haven't read it, they won't be interested in the song. Your job is to allude to the main events, preferably with humor, so as to call the story to mind. (Rather like a Norse skald alluding to the deeds of his patron; everybody knows what they are, you only have to mention something to call them to mind.)

I'm not going to put "Oliver's Brag" in here. Even if I left out the other twelve brags, it would be over twenty verses. Onward.

"Ken the Magic G-Man" is a joint effort. John Boardman wrote the first verse and passed it along to me. I was still far too diffuse, but ten verses is better than thirty-some. It will still show the diffuseness of lesson one, which is why I don't spend pages on Oliver.

## Ken the Magic G-man

(tune: Puff the Magic Dragon)

<sup>D</sup> Ken the magic <sup>A D G</sup> G-man had the power of <sup>D</sup> psi <sup>D A</sup>  
and <sup>G</sup> captured tele-criminals for the Queen's Own F. B. I.  
His <sup>D</sup> sidekick was King Henry; <sup>A D</sup> his nark was Good Queen Bess;  
and every story <sup>G</sup> got him in a more unlikely mess.  
Ken the magic <sup>A D G</sup> G-man had the power of <sup>D</sup> psi <sup>A D</sup>  
and <sup>G</sup> captured tele-criminals for the Queen's Own F. B. I.

The telepathic spy ring was Ken Malone's first test  
Needing aid, he set upon a telepathic quest.

"Set one to catch one": his motto of the day;

and soon he had a tidy number neatly stowed away.

But Ken the magic G-man got no joy from his hoard;  
the wierdest bunch of lunatics to grace a psychic ward.

One was not quite hopeless; she could communicate:

Rosie Thompson -- alias Elisabeth the Great.

"Of course I shall assist you. A sovereign must serve."

But how she went about it nearly broke poor Kenny's nerve.

Ken the magic G-man's advice to gamblers all:

Cheating on a telepath is riding for a fall!



ken the magic g-man, cont.

Ken Malone's convention was nicely under way;  
the telepathic lunatics were settled down to stay.

"Her Majesty assures us the spy is on the scene,  
But locking everybody up is not too awfully keen."

Ken the magic G-man had to find that spy.

Suddenly the answer looked him in the mental eye.

"We've collared all the telepaths; we have the Queen's own word.

And that means that our spy is one among our little herd.

Who had just arrived when she said the spy was here?

The Queen herself; her retinue; and little Willie dear!"

Ken the magic G-man corralled the traitors, too;

The man in charge of Willie's case, and all his nasty crew.

Mission well accomplished. The FBI had scored.

And out intrepid heroes had of course their due reward:

Immortal Queen Elizabeth restored to her throne —

By Sir Andrew and Sir Thomas and Sir Kenneth J. Malone.

Ken the magic G-man, servant of the Queen.

Best Elizabethan fuzz the world has ever seen.

The great red caddy mystery was next in his career.

Those junior hoods, the Silen Spooks, had learned to disappear.

Sir Ken could go them better, his mind was keen and hard;

he pinned them to the space-bound world like insects to a card.

Ken the magic G-man had the power of psi:

hunch and teleporting for the Queen's own F. B. I.

The next job was conspiracy. The world was in a mess.

While good Sir Tom chased Russian spies, Ken sought the P. R. S.

From Vegas to Manhattan, he chased the vaurest hunch

and found that everyone was in the self-same nasty crunch.

Ken the magic G-man was thinking very hard;

figured that he ought to check inside his own back yard.

The answer was improper, immoral and unfair.

Sir Kenneth found Sir Andrew when he traced the plotters' lair.

"Your hunching makes you our kind: the magic two percent."

Sir Kenneth saw the wisdom then, and joined the supermen.

Ken the magic G-man had the power of psi

and captured tele-criminals for the Queen's Own F. B. I.

And there for now we leave him, that busy man Sir Ken,

until Sir Andrew finds a case to set him on again.

No one knows the answer, or what is going on,

except the wierdest partnership since Darcy teamed with Sean.

Here's to young King Henry; here's to Good Queen Bess;

and here's to the one and only Ken, and to his latest mess.

Very diffuse, as you can see. Six verses for the first story, one for the second,  
and three for the third. Not only too diffuse, but too concentrated. Also I never  
introduced Sir Thomas properly, nor indicated who Sir Andrew was at all. Tsk.



My latest effort is some improvement. First off, I picked a very limited subject: the professional life of Swift-Killer, the daVinci of Dragon's Egg. (Anyone who hasn't read Forward's DRAGON'S EGG should put this down, go out at once and get it.) By spending one chapter on each major episode in her life, I kept it down to five verses.

This is full of sexual references because cheela take sex for granted. I suppose it classes as bawdy by human standards, if the human was awfully hard up for bawdry.

## S w i f t - K i l l e r   t h e   O l d   O n e

(tune: Ruler of the Queen's Navy)

When I was young and commanded a troop,  
a trooper named North-Wind was my favorite dupe.  
When he was on watch, I kept him keen  
by brushing off the dust to keep his topside clean.

[cho] She brushed away the dust to keep his topside clean.

I brushed aside the dust in such a careful way,  
the children guard imperial frontiers today.

I led the expedition to the Eastern Pole,  
and climbing up the mountains there was no gay stroll.  
North-Wind and Cliff-Watcher climbed with me,  
and I took 'em on at once without a referee.

[cho] She took 'em on at once without a referee.

I took 'em on at once, in such a lively way,  
the children guard imperial frontiers today.

As dragon plants we spent some turns  
healing ourselves of our topside burns.  
North-Wind died when the crust-quake hit;  
the survivors were rejuvenated quite a bit.

[cho] The survivors were rejuvenated quite a bit.

The survivors were rejuvenated such a long way  
that the children guard imperial frontiers today.

I changed professions when the work was done  
and kept the sender to the Stick-like Ones.  
I made taste-plates instead of tally-strings,  
and taught all my apprentices a lot of things.

[cho] She taught all her apprentices a lot of thing.

I taught all my apprentices in such a way  
that the children guard imperial frontiers today.

(cont)



Swift-Killer cont.

Young Sky-Beams keeps the sender now,  
while I teach the little ones the why and how.  
To do great jobs that must be done:  
First you do the work and then you have the fun.

[cho] First you do the work and then you have the fun.

First I did the work, and now I'm here to say  
the children guard imperial frontiers today.

[cho] First she did the work--

-- and now I'm here to say  
the children guard imperial frontiers today.

I don't care for patter-songs, and I'm no fan of G&S, but this one seemed to fit.  
Let it be known that I have never done G&S songs, so there's no use in asking me to  
do 'Swift-killer' myself. Ask a G&S fan.

To business. This one is much less diffuse; partly this comes of taking only a  
couple of chapters of a very densely structured story, partly from a slightly  
increased skill at paring down incidents to fit a single verse. If anything, it's too  
allusive. Even people who've read DRAGON'S EGG may not understand it, if Swift-  
killer's life didn't happen to be among their favorite sections. First lesson isn't  
entirely mastered, but I'm getting there.

Once again, insufficient introductions of some of the characters. A little thought  
will show that Sky-beams was an apprentice, but I couldn't figure how to get in that  
Cliff-watcher was an astrologer. Also, I only got in one of Swift-killer's inventions.

When the next set will come I don't know. Not many stories appeal to me that way.  
I might try other cheela, but none of their lives are as epic as Swift-killer's.

For a very good example of compressing whole histories into a few verses, see Malkin  
& Peregryn's "Song of the Shield-wall" and "the Raven Banner". "Shield-wall" packs  
whole eras into single verses. "Raven Banner" isn't quite so compact; it spends  
four verses on a single battle. It's kind of like a saga: two verses of preparation,  
half a verse or less to tell the climax, a verse and a half to wrap it up.

\*\* Further notes on "Zhankoye" (correct spelling): I got it off a Limelighters album,  
"Their First Historic Album" -- evidently a reprint. Legacy LEG 113, Elektra/Everest.  
According to the cover notes, it's a Jewish farm song, collected in the Crimea in the  
mid-'20s. \*\*

BaltiCon tomorrow. We'll see.

\* \*

BaltiCon qua BaltiCon was a disappointment. I doubt I'll be going back, unless the  
con committee finds the balls to drag the new hotel management into line.

Filking, tho, had some high spots. Also low ones; Cosmic Balance, I guess.



Pat Kelly was advertising in Kantele beforehand for filkers. By which he meant the likes of Leslie Fish, Clam Chowder and Fred Kuhn, plus types like Peregryn and Mouse. He got a fair collection, and had regular programs in King's Pleasure all three days. The plan was to have 'open mike' sessions afterwards; he forgot that audio equipment has to be locked up.

So we ended up under the escalator, as usual.

Friday night, Vicki and I were chatting in the hotel room when Greg came in with the news that King's Pleasure was locked, Harold was off looking for the action, and Greg was about to set off looking for Harold. Off we all went.

We ran across the Mad Recorder trundling his gear down the hall. His lead fizzled, so Vicki and I left Greg chatting with him and kept looking.

You never saw such a dead hotel. Not only no filking; no room parties. We covered the place twice over, and couldn't even find Greg again. Vicki decided to crash. I took another tour, wound up back at the room -- and found Barak.

He took me to a room I'd passed over three times at least. It's door was closed, there were only half a dozen or so people behind it, and seldom more than one singer at a time. Harold and Greg were there, also Peregryn, a couple of others. More gossip than filk, tho we did a couple of songs.

Around 3:00, the room folded up, so Harold and Greg and I wandered off to see if there was anything under the escalators. Yup: us.

The audience we collected wanted what Harold calls the rowdies: generally noisy and fast-paced, usually in a major key, always unsubtle. He knows more of them and does 'em better than I do, so he took most of the session. Next time I'll bring some buttermilk.

Somewhere along the line we lost Greg. He showed up again after we crashed but before we burned.

Saturday during the day I had a few other things to take care of, only getting to King's Pleasure occasionally. In this way I cleverly missed both Peregryn's gig and Mousey's. I got in on the end of Fred Kuhn's, including the one he dedicated to the Moral Majority (with exposition of its similarity to egg creams, English horns and the Holy Roman Empire) -- Great Lord Lucifer. His voice was getting rough-edged; he'd been performing too long at a stretch. So had half the Clam Chowder.

I did catch Leslie Fish. I also caught another of my infatuations. First time with a female singer, but her range goes lower than mine. She did the infamous 'Swamp Gas', the trekkie Union Man, an amazingly lyrical revolutionary song from Italy, a combination of childhood nightmare with adult insight called 'Soul Stealer' -- and led us all in "Eagle Has Landed", while Pat Kelly got the hunk of moon rock in its plastic pyramid from the registration counter and passed it around.

Somewhere along the way, I finally picked up Clam Chowder's record: the little 7" LP. I waffled over a dilute solution of Leslie, until the things sold out anyway. That'll larn me.

Saturday evening, locked out of King's Pleasure once again, we set out along the corridors in search of filk. [There's a game: Filkers & Fantacists. The dungeon is a big sprawling hotel, and the PCs are aawKK!!]



We ended up in the McCormik room, a two-floor parlor, with a MidWestern style filk. (Next quarter, I will analyze MidWestern and East Coast filk style. Not now.) Leslie Fish was there, and Peregryn and Mouse and Fred Kuhn. Clam Chowder and auxiliaries were all over; I think it was their HQ.

Fairly good session. Three calls for Old Time Religion were successfully shouted down, tho we did get caught with 'Greek Sailor' and 'Bloody Well Dead'. (The former is a sprightly bit of filth, but there's now a verse for each Longship crewman, and this chap sang them all.) Leslie thanked the Greek Sailor chap for the second-filthiest song she'd ever heard, and repayed him with the filthiest; a livelier version of Frigging in the Rigging than the one Clam Chaowder sings, with a more varied vocabulary. Harold did 'Nykon'; Elizabethan style, you're halfway into it before you realise just how filthy it is. I did 'Alderan Belt' [see below]; Fred Kuhn was resting his voice, but he did Makin' Wookie right after. Later on, I did Falwell's Penthouse.

A few practical observations: (1) A group has an unfair advantage; they can drown out anyone. (2) MidWest style is not the place for fancy guitar picking; while you're leading in, somebody else has started singing. (3) Failure either of body English or peripheral vision is serio; that's what you use to line up performances. (4) The bones are probably the most portable instrument there is; I swear Clam Chowder must carry a set apiece, so they can accompany themselves or anyone else at a moment's notice. (5) If you can cut the last measure off your refrain and start your verse or chorus there, you're less likely to get interrupted.

After that session folded, we turned in.

Sunday I heard a few gigs, but I was chasing around too much for serious listening.

Don't think there's room on this page, so I'll put here:

# F a l w e l l ' s P e n t h o u s e

(tune: Lusty Young Smith)

G D' G  
Jerry Falwell at his vice stood a-filing,  
His bellows laid by, but his forge still aglow,  
C G D' G  
When to him a freelance reporter came smiling  
D' G  
And asked if to work at the forge he would go.

"Surely!" said Falwell, and made him right welcome:  
Hauled on the bellows -- the hot air did blow.  
Reporters will print, though high water or hell come.  
Mind what you tell them; you know this is so.  
The work's on display, and now Falwell is raging:  
Hot air from the bellows is blown up a gale.  
But I think the story is fine and engaging:  
Jerry Falwell has a Penthouse for sale.



A l d e r a n   B e l t  
(tune: Thais)

The wreck of mighty Alderan, the shattered mass of Alderan:  
Spread out along its orbit -- mingled core and lithosphere.  
Amidst all this geology is quite a long necrology:  
You'll either get a fortune, or your throat cut ear to ear.

The asteroids of Alderan, the new-made Belt of Alderan  
Is swarming with space miners and the parasites on same.  
Within this turbid medium, to stave off constant tedium,  
The senator of Alderan is looking for her flame.

"To sift the Belt of Alderan, inspect each rock of Alderan  
Would take a fleet imperial, and I haven't got all day.  
I know that bird millennial's a trouble-prone perennial --  
So figure where it's smart to go, then head the other way.

"Amidst debris of Alderan, the jumbled junk of Alderan,  
I'd know the Falcon anywhere; you can't mistake that wreck.  
I'm sure they're here illegally, but I'll forgive them regally,  
So get that airlock open, Han! I'm waiting here on deck.

"The heroine of Alderan, the saint of vanished Alderan,  
Is sick of being canonised: fed up with it to here.  
Proclivities toward nookie tend, so call that fuzzy wookie friend  
Of yours and get the hell out til we give you the all-clear."

You now see why the universal shout for "Makin' Wookie" when I finished.

"Lusty Young Smith" is from Bawdy Ballads of Shakespeare's Time,  
sung by Ed McCurdy. Legacy LEG 111, Elektra/Everest Production.

A version of "Thais"---not the one I sing, but close---is in the  
Erotic Muse, compiled and edited by Ed Cray. New York, a Pyramid  
Special, published by arrangement with Oak Publications. All  
the songs in it except 'Thais' are in public domain: figures.







# ANAKREON

#10, APA-Filk Mailing #10

Beltane 9981 (1 May 1981 CE)

## THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(second supplement)

This is the third collection of verses of this Neo-Pagan hymn that I've collected. The first appeared a year ago, and contained 166 verses. Last Samhain, I printed 87 more that people had collected, or written, under the inspiration of the first collection. Since then, still more verses have come in. I would like to thank once again the people who have written, and those who have sent in, the verses reprinted below. The chorus is sung after every verse.

254. I don't care about Jehovah,  
Soon his office term is over,  
I would sooner worship Rover,  
He is good enough for me! (DS)

CHORUS: Give me that old time religion,  
Give me that old time religion,  
Give me that old time religion,  
It's good enough for me!

255. Lots of folks are into God  
And I've often thought it odd  
Do they love him for his bod'  
Or his ideology? (DS)

256. They all praise God for Creation  
He made more than just one nation  
Let's give him a big ovation  
And then ask he let us be! (DS)

257. Maybe I should try ol' Buddha,  
We can share a little gouda,  
I hope he won't think it rude o'  
Me to say he's not for me! (DS)

258. I am darn confused by Zen,  
It seems way beyond my ken,  
Could you say it all again,  
Somewhat clearer so I'll see? (DS)

259. We've neglected Father Zeus,  
Though it seems a bit obtuse,  
We think more of Mother Goose,  
But he's good enough for me! (DS)

260. I won't worship ol' Dormammu  
To that firehead I say, "Damn you!"  
I will worship whales named Shamu,  
Of the Chicken of the Sea! (DS)

261. Let's not worship old Galactus  
He's more nasty than a cactus!  
Eating worlds takes lots of practice!  
He is too scary for me! (DS)

262. I won't worship ol' Bill Cosby,  
Though he's funnier than Fozzie.  
He is smiling just because he  
Makes much money on TV! (DS)

263. I won't go into no temple -  
Not for Graham or Miss Semple!  
No, not even for a semple -  
It ain't good enough for me! (DS)

264. I shall stay a firm agnostic!  
I can't do a double-croctic!  
I'm a fan of Barry Bostwick  
And that's good enough for me! (DS)

265. If you want a new edition  
Let its writing be your mission  
As for me, I'm going fishin'  
Or I'll go and watch TV! (DS)

266. St. Frieda's quite a mama,  
She can pinch you through your armor,  
Fuck her to increase your karma  
She's more than enough for three. (GC)

267. St. Blooper's rather clumsy,  
If he hits you you'll feel numsy,  
But he's got a sense of whimsy,  
And I like the S. O. B. (GC)

268. St. Hermann's got a bong,  
If you sniff you'll be high long,  
It'll make your eyes ping-pong,  
His dope's good enough for me. (GC)

(continued on p. 3)



## PAGAN NOTES

Since the first two collections were published (ANAKREONS #6 & #8), still more verses have come in for "That Real Old-Time Religion". They are included here, for the delectation of both APA-Filk and my friends in the Pagan community.

Regular readers may notice a decline in both the quantity and the quality of these verses since I began printing them a year ago. I think that the best verses written over the past ten years have already been sent in and been printed, and that we are going to have to wait for more inspiration to be given unto us. The next collection of verses will be for ANAKREON #12, which will be published on or about 1 November 1981 for the 12th Mailing of APA-Filk, and for the Pagan Festival of Samhain - or Hallowe'en as a certain upstart recent religion would have it. I would like again to request readers to search out their covens or their own inspiration for further verses. Unfortunately, a large bundle of verses have just come in from Rus Gulevitch, after all pages of ANAKREON #10 but this one were assembled. They will run in ANAKREON #12. Also in ANAKREON #12

This is will be some Pagan Yule carols, appropriate for the upcoming season.

O At Thereafter, every Samhain issue of ANAKREON will contain further verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion". This will make possible more space for other songs in the remaining issues of ANAKREON, and some good ones have been accumulating. It also means that any OTR verses that don't arrive by about the middle of October will have to wait until Samhain 1982 - er, 9982 - to see print here.

O Optic: ANAKREON is published quarterly by John Boardman, 234 East N Nerves 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. Its publication schedule is 1 February, 1 May, 1 August, and 1 November, which are both the collation dates for APA-Filk and the major Pagan Festivals. ANAKREON has a usual press run of about 100, but this is increased to 250 when OTR verses are being run. For further information about APA-Filk, for which the copy count is 50, write to Bob Lipton, 269-A W. 73rd St., New York, N. Y. 10023.

Again, I would like to express my thanks to the support that this project has received from Pagans, and for the verses that they've sent in. Following the list of verses' authors are some notes on some of the contributions:

BB - Brian Burley	FK - Fred Kuhn	JB - John Boardman
DS - Dana Snow	GC - Greg Costikyan	PS - Pete Seeger
DSch - Dave Schwartz	GT - Glen R. Taylor	RF - Ravan Fairgrove
		Cy - Lady Cybele

169: Attributed to PS.

254-265: These originally appeared in the author's contribution to APA-Filk #8.

265-272: These originally appeared in the author's contribution to APA-Filk #8.

Many of them seem to refer to "Slobbovia", a long-running game that combines all the more aggravating features of Dungeons & Dragons, Diplomacy, and Coventry.

280: There are alternate versions of the last line for male and for female singers.

286: The proper pronunciation of "Ralph" cannot, alas, be represented by ~~the~~ print. Try retching vigorously while saying it.

299: Alternate last lines: "which is why this verse don't rhyme. Fuck you. It's good enough for me." Could the author be here commenting on the quality of some of the contributions?

301: "Tanna Hanna" is the title of the Queen of Skandalutz, an ancient Matriarchy high in the Balkan Massif. Each year at the Winter Solstice Festival, a new King is chosen by lot. The old King is then sacrificed and eaten.

305: If the meter is too far off even for Pagan standards, substitute "less" for "cheaper".



(continued from p. 1)

269. St. Gerald's quite a fellow,  
Don't you dare to call him yellow,  
For he will make you bellow,  
So he's good enough for me. (GC)

270. St. Waldo is a were,  
Call on him if you dare,  
He may come as a bear,  
And that's good enough for me. (GC)

271. Ethyl is the female part  
Of Sativa's holy art,  
Drink he if you've got the heart,  
For a holy man to be. (GC)

272. Sativa is no peon,  
He's the head of our pantheon,  
Better him than snorthing freon,  
Cause it'll fuck the hell out of  
your nasal passages - and man,  
where did you get this dope, any-  
way? I mean, far freaking out! (GC)

273. We will laugh at Jerry Falwell,  
If his crusade we can't stall, we'll  
Ship him one-way to Rabaul - well  
That's not far enough for me! (GT)

274. We give thanks to Gregor Mendel,  
Pea plants' alleles he did bend-el,  
Now we breed men just like Grendel,  
But don't ask them in for tea! (GT)

275. We will worship Paul Atreides,  
Though he sort of lost his sight, he's  
Got a son who's rather mighty  
And a sandworm now is he! (GT)

276. We will bow down to John Boardman,  
Though he's not a master swordsman,  
Verses of this song he hoards, man,  
And that's good enough for me! (GT)

277. It was good enough for Granny,  
She could throw a double-whammy  
That would knock you on your fanny,  
And that's good enough for me. (Cy)

278. All the Chinese pray to Yao,  
For he showed the farmers hao,  
And there's bumper harvests nao,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

279. Next to Yao they worship Yü.  
He built roads and bridges tü,  
And canals - there's quite a fü,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

280. We will praise the goddess Gorgo  
For a skill we would not forego -  
Makes the bull and ram and boar go,  
(M: And it also works on me.)  
(F: And it brings my men to me.) (JB)

281. We will worship Queen Omphale  
Who drove Herakles to folly,  
For they dressed in drag, by golly -  
I dunno if that's for me. (JB)

282. We will all go worship Plutus,  
And with riches he'll salute us,  
All that gold would surely suit us,  
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

283. We will all go worship Rimmon,  
All us Pagan men and women,  
And our goblets will be brimmin'  
which is good enough for me. (JB)

284. We will all go worship Rama,  
Who created quite a drama  
When he rescued his sweet mama,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

285. We will all go worship Hoenir,  
Who has ears that hear by sonar,  
And a most impressive boner,  
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

286. We shall drink throughout the day,  
And to junk food not say nay:  
Through the night to Ralph we'll pray,  
And it's good enough for me. (BB)

287. Oh, we'll dance and wave the  
thyrsus  
And sing loud and bawdy verses  
'Til the neighbors call out curses  
But it's good enough for me. (RF)

288. Oh Young Bacchus in the springtime  
Leads the dancers 'round the grapevine  
Soon those grapes are gonna be wine,  
And that's good enough for me. (RF)

289. Aphrodite in her bower  
Calls for lovers by the hour  
Joyful loving is her dower  
And she's good enough for me. (RF)

290. Demeter's Bees within the hive  
Hum with joy to be alive  
Matriarchy is no jive  
And it's good enough for me. (RF)

291. When I hear the banshee wailing  
Sure it sets my heart a-quailing  
Death behind someone is trailing  
And I hope it isn't me. (RF)



292. When the Morrigu are riding  
And the fell Trollwives are striding,  
I'm sure going into hiding,  
'Cause that battle's not for me. (RF)

293. When the Wild Hunt fills the evening  
With a howling and a screaming,  
How the Lady's eyes are gleaming,  
And that's where I want to be. (RF)

294. Amaterasu brought the light in,  
And love's bonds began to tighten  
The whole world began to brighten  
And that's good enough for me. (RF)

295. There are those who practice  
Voudou

With a nojo or a houdou,  
I know I do, I hope you do,  
And it's good enough for me. (RF)

296. Burn Damiana for a lover,  
And burn Rowan to the Mother.  
Cense will show many another,  
Clear the smoke, help, I can't see. (RF)

297. When Alphito gave us beer,  
We all raised a ringing cheer,  
We will surely hold it dear,  
As we drink up merrily. (RF)

298. All the apple trees wassail  
As we heft the flowing pail  
Of good cider mixed with ale,  
And that's good enough for me. (RF)

299. We will sing a verse to Loki,  
He's the old Norse god of chaos,  
Which is why this verse does not rhyme  
Or scan, but it's good enough for me. (FK)

300. We will go and honour Isis  
She will help us thru out crisis  
Cause she has no minor vices  
And that's good enough for me! (DSch)

301. We'll all follow Tanna Hanna  
Celebrate the Solstice in her manna  
Let her be out menu planna  
That's good enough for me! (DSch)

302. Some still worship Chairman Mao  
But I'll bet that Deng Xiao -  
Ping will soon bring back the Tao -  
And it's soon enough for me! (DSch)

303. When'er I hear Jerry Falwell  
Quite soon I don't feel at all well  
Throw him down a sacrificial well  
That'll be good enough for me! (DSch)

304. If we go to worship Int1  
Soon around us we will all see  
Cocaine being snorted freely  
Boy, it's good enough for me! (DSch)

305. I'll let Moloch light my fire  
Of his worship I won't tire  
It's cheaper than a babysitter's hire  
And it's good enough for me! (DSch)

(NOTE: The previous issues of  
ANAKREON which contain verses of  
"That Real Old-Time Religion" are  
available from the editor for a self-  
addressed, 35¢-stamped, envelope.)

ANAKREON #10

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York 11226  
U. S. A.

FIRST CLASS MAIL



THEY"LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME! #8 for APA-Filk #10  
by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219

Typed on stencil April 24 (so much for good intentions at the time of  
receiving the last mailing)

#### MAILING COMMENTS

SuD: I scribbled a note in the margin on "Untitled" that I needed to take  
it to FoolCon in April to sing for Roberts Heinlien & Asprin. I forgot to  
stick the page in my book, and Heinlein wasn't there after all, so Asprin  
will just have to wait to hear it til I'm up in the Detroit area again. It's  
a good song, though.

When AF9 arrived, I was just back from Norman Conquest,  
which featured Bob A. as Toastmaster. Understandably, "Filkers Go Til  
Dawn" left me in helpless giggles.

The line about people who sing "Mary O'  
Meara" is obsolete now, having been composed before Harold learned the  
song. Marty is also doing it, though as-of Confusion he did not have Anne  
Passovoy's tune down quite pat.

Anakreon: If I could recall the name of the plantation in UNCLE TOM'S CABIN  
that Simon Legree was overseer of, it might fit the scansion, in place of  
"Tara". "Legree" just misses, on account of requiring the accent on the se-  
cond syllable rather than the first.

On the Westerfilk review: leave us not  
descend to diatribe, John. In most filk circles Dorsai songs are good box-  
office and it's an editor's job to collect what will sell. When you do a  
collection, you can leave them all out and it will undoubtedly find its  
appropriate market.

Singspiel: The "Popeye" song I learned as a kid went:

I'm Popeye the sailor man; I live in a garbage can  
I eat all the worms and I spit out the germs,  
'Cause I'm Popeye the Sailor Man

And then there's

always:

Jingle bells, shotgun shells; rabbits all the way!  
Oh, what fun it was to ride in Grandpa's Model A....

QWxbi!: Your "Dreams" is a definite keeper. I find it sings gracefully to  
the tune Joe Haldeman used for "The Ballad Of Orbital Hubris" (which he  
describes as "The Titanic...sort of") with substituting in the chorus  
from "Pride of Pettrvar" (lines 1 and 3 only).

Also suggest "And you better  
bet the dreams do not stop there!" as alternate last line of the chorus. It  
sings much easier.

Filkers Do It Til Dawn" Your Philcon story was just as funny in print as it  
was live at Confusion. And your Confusion story...well...!!! (No, Harold,  
you don't drink Tully "like Kool-Aid"...unless you put a helluva lot of ice  
in your Kool-Aid!)

I've put "Falling Rain" in my singbook; also "Sunday at  
Sweeney's", on the same page as "Pride of Sweeneys' Bar". I mostly just  
sing the first verse and chorus of Sunday... (If you happen to be returning  
from X-Con or Draconis via Detroit on June 14 I'll see you there...)



Flipside

Something of Note: no hooks

HDSQ: It's George Paczolt, Jordin, Harold should have an address for him; if he doesn't quote it this mailing blitz him a postcard to ask.

I don't have any new songs to run this ish; I haven't been involved in anything sufficiently inspiring.

One thing I am up to is quitting my mundane job so as to have more time for housecarpentry and fannish activities. Also for doing clerk-work for Morris in his new business. Some of the fannish activities may turn moneymaking (like, if I can get my hucking business to where it can support two people's conventioning). I also intend to get KANTELE published on a more regular schedule, now that I'll have whole days at a shot to work on it (yeah, sure...) and after all the kitchen floor tile, door-moldings, new paneling, bookshelves, and cinderblock retaining-walls have been installed in and around the house I will dismantle this player piano which has been collecting dust and cat-hairs for 3-4 years and have a go at re-covering all those little bellowses inside (can you imagine filking to a player-piano...?)

Before plunging into this hardboard jungle, though, I am going to celebrate my emancipation from the alarmclock with an R&R trip up through the Fannish Midwest. ETA Sweeney's is supertime Sunday, June 14th.



THIS IS

NUMBER 6 ("I am not a number. I am a free fanzine.")  
HDSQ for short published for APA-Filk #10 by  
Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd. #315, Berkeley, CA 94709

22 April 1980

Good evening. I'm turning this out at the last minute (as usual) on our new NBI word processor at work, hence the nice type and funny effects. I'm getting close to taking PhD qualifying exams and have had little time for filking lately. What time I have had has gone to a bizzarre string of filks, mostly disasters, and to working on the Westerfilk second printing. We had a small local Darkover con which I had no intention of going to, and then I learned that Signe Landon from Seattle was down for it, so we spent a couple of nights singing in her hotel room. Then, the next weekend we had an abruptly organized filk party to set up a performance for Sili-con in San Jose. Of course, we didn't get everything done, so we had to have another meeting in the middle of the week. Then we had Sili-con, which was an under-attended disaster at which everyone got sick. I was in bed for a week with a high fever. It was enough to turn me off filking entirely for a while.

On a more favorable note (C#?) I managed to acquire a new guitar to replace my first "learner". I was walking thru a flea market (there are a number of them around here each weekend) seeing nothing of interest, and there was this guy with a classical guitar. Now I never look at flea market guitars, but a friend with me said, "why not," so I played it, got told it sounded very good, & bought it. It's a "Franciscan" which I never heard of, but it does sound nice, and I am no longer ashamed to pull out my guitar in public. Moral: Good guitars can be gotten cheap. Alt. Moral: Flea markets can be dangerous.

I fear that once again I have no songs to contribute, just a lot of fragments floating around in my head. One unfinished group effort that came out of our Silicon disaster preparations is stolen from Leslie Fish's "Thoughts on Strange Visitors." The title should probably be "Thoughts on Strange Performers:"

What manner of fen are these, who sing for free,  
Not bound by any scansion rules,  
Not tied to notes or rhythmic tools,  
Who stand up here like bloody fools  
And sing for such as thee?

Someday perhaps I'll finish it.

FORWARD, INTO THE PAST:  
Comments on #9

The Westerfilk Collection was kindly commented on by several people last issue. Thank you to all of you. I've already commented privately to John B. on his review. To Greg Baker: The Westerfilk Collection is not associated with Westercon, and we'd appreciate it if you wouldn't refer to it as "the Westercon book." The collection is also not "mostly Leslie Fish." It's about



20% Fish material, and a fair amount of the remaining material hasn't been published anywhere else. Besides, are you really proud of the fact that your collection is full of illegal copies?

The original print run of the Westerfilk has been sold out for some months. The second printing has been held up because our printer has totally screwed up -- the partner who actually ran the press last time got cancer and spent quite some time in the hospital and more time on chemotherapy, though he has now largely recovered. The other partner proved to be more flaky than we anticipated, and in addition managed to a) nearly lose his house to creditors, and b) get married while he was supposed to be printing our book. We hope that by the time you read this, printing will be under way. One way or another, the book will be back out by June 5 for Filk-con in LA. Regrettably, paper costs having skyrocketed, the cost will be higher, probably \$7 by mail.

SuD: I like your first couple of songs. Filkers Do It is definitely best limited to demonstrations -- not that I could do any better. The problem is the same as that of all the bumper stickers, XXX's do it in the YYY. Very few are true double entendres, making good sense as straight remarks as well. Best to date: "Archaeologists will date any old thing."

Anakreon: Tune for Friggin Falcon?

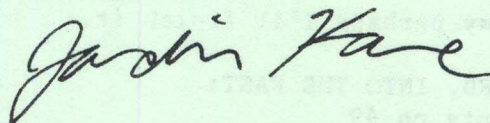
Singspiel: The second printing has a clearer note about barded frogs.

FDITD, Harold: Ghad. I'm beginning to reach the point where I can survive being the only guitar present, but I've never had it that bad. Thanks for the last page of Ninja.... I did it at our last big party (very late in the evening) and it went over very well, even though I stumbled a lot.

Margaret: 800 is a small con compared to Westercon and Boskone, which are most of the other cons I've attended. I don't know exactly why (something involving distances and number of organizers) but there aren't many small general cons around -- most of the little cons are specialty (D&D, Darkover, filk) and/or too far away to get to (and/or lousy). Little Boxes is by Malvina Reynolds.

A reminder for anyone likely to reach this coast: Filkcon III, run by Bjo Trimble, is coming up June 5-7 in Los Angeles. I don't have the address handy, I'm afraid -- I'll scribble it below.

And that's all



Filk con

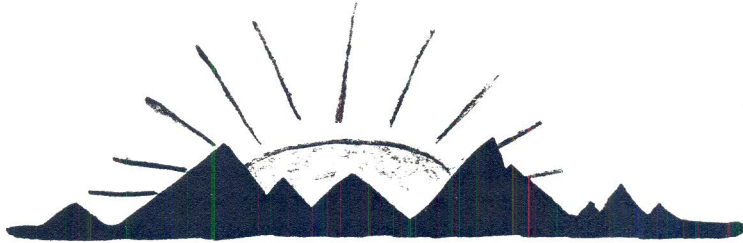
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# FILKERS



## DO IT 'TILL DAWN

Verse 3, part 2

produced, directed, and botched up by: Harold Groot Apt. 713  
1100 Penn Center Blvd.  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

O.K., O.K., stop giggling. I never claimed to be an artist. It just seemed like a quick way to use up half a page of paper. This article will be shorter than normal anyway (stop cheering!).

To lull you into a false sense of security, though, we'll start out the usual way, with a few

### GRACE NOTES

Lee - It seems that great minds run in the same ~~gutter~~ channels. Actually, my filk to "Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn" concerned the reactions of the mundanes as they heard those words on the 7 o'clock news. I much prefer your version, and have tossed mine out....I also liked "untitled" and "Derelict".

John - If you want to say that the Dorsai stories are Fantasy (postulating the impossible - honorable mercenaries) rather than Science Fiction, I won't argue. That doesn't mean that the stories can't be enjoyed as stories.... What's the tune for "Friggin' Falcon"? Jesse James doesn't quite scan, but it can be stretched.

Mark - The spaceprobe photos were marvelous indeed, but they also confirm that mankind will not, in the foreseeable future, blast off into the unknown. I found a lot more sensawonder on the flights of Sheppard and Glenn than on Armstrong's.

Greg - "Dreams" is good, but I'll have to hear the tune (especially the chorus).



Margaret - I know I had some different verses to "Wasn't That a Filksing?", but I haven't been able to recall them. They were sung AT (After Tully), so they're a bit hazy.

Bob - Maybe you should go back to arguing with Lee....

Jordin - I guess I'll forgive you for not having included any songs. After all, I've stolen more of your songs than anyone else's, except for Diana Gallagher. "All Debts Are Paid" got a good reception at Balticon.

Speaking of cons, but going in order: Marcon was, as expected, an excellent con for filking. With Anne Passavoy as FGOH, this isn't surprising. The lineup included Anne, Juanita Coulsen, Steve Simmons, Mark Bernstein, Cliff Flynt, Bill Roper, Bob Passavoy (all too briefly), Naomi, Phil Chien, John Hall, a couple of femmefen whose names and addresses are in my address book, which I lost 3 weeks ago, and myself. I've never heard a better group effort than when Anne led us in "Lord of the Dance". She also soloed on "Harbors", Bob and Mark sacrificed Naomi in "Have Some Madeira, My Dear", Juanita sang some Cal Tech songs plus "Song of the Shieldwall" (which has been sung at EVERY con I've been too, though Melissa Williamson finds this hard to believe), and I even managed to zap Steve with a new put-down when he was starting "God's Own Drunk". There were other highlights, but there was a sad spot too. Bill Roper broke his string of successfully "summoning" Clif. It seems that the last 3 times that Bill had played Clif's song "Mama Rosa's", Clif had walked into the sing in the middle of the song. This time Bill was requested to summon Clif, but the magic failed. I guess you just can't force such things.

Balticon, as usual, had the singing on stage (well, in a pit would be more accurate) with set times for performers, microphones, etc. However, when you've got a lineup that includes Clam Chowder, Leslie Fish, Fred Kuhn, and Melissa Williamson you can do just fine that way. Clam Chowder wasn't at their best, but that merely brought them down from excellent to very good. For the rest, they lived up to their reputations, which says a lot to anyone who knows them. At 11 PM, the schedule said "Open Microphone", which was when I had planned to squeeze in. The microphone may indeed have been open, but with the room locked it was hard to find out. The first night several of us set up a room sing, which lasted until almost 3. Lee and I then headed for the traditional spot under the escalators. It was immediately obvious that the people we attracted were rowdy, singalong-type fen, so that's what we played. Since Lee doesn't do many of those, I wound up doing 90% of the singing again (where was Liam Trimmer with the Bhlog when I needed him?). The next night the King's Pleasure Room was locked again, but a folk/filk sing was going on in the McCormac Suite. The Clam Chowder crowd dominated at first, singing mostly folksongs (and stepping on many people to do so, including Leslie). We outlasted them, though, and by 2 AM it was mostly filk. Like at ConFusion in 1980, it wound down to mostly Leslie and myself by 3:30. This time, though, I was not a Nervous Neo In Awe Of A Legend. I was a Reasonably Sure Of Myself Veteran, and the awe had toned down to respect and admiration. I think I had more fun as the Nervous Neo, but this was better for the nerves. Phil Chien finally got to spring one on Leslie - after hoping she'd show at about 5 cons, he finally got to sing the words of "You're a Grand Old Flag" to Leslie's tune "The Eagle has Landed". Earlier, when Leslie sang the real words in the King's Pleasure Room, an authentic Moon rock was passed around the room.



One of my weak points has always been editing my own material. Well, either my editing is getting better or my writing worse. I had no trouble deciding that nothing I had written since lastish was worth publishing. However, I do have one here that I like, that I got permission to use just too late for lastish. I know some of you are tired of Eddystone Light songs, so you can skip it if you wish. I like it.

The copyright, of course, goes to Joyce on this one.

My Father Was the Leader of the Benden Weyr

by Joyce Colbert

My father was the leader of the Benden Weyr,  
He slept with a Firelizard one fine year.  
And of this union there came three,  
A watch-where, a dragon, and the other was me.

Threadfall, the dragons burn,  
Oh, for the life in the skies of Pern.

I couldn't fly with my mother gold,  
So I was raised in the nearest Hold.  
Then word of my origin got around,  
So I went to Benden and Impressed a brown.

One day as I flew on patrol  
A-singing a scrap of doggerel,  
I heard a voice bespeaking me  
And there was my mother perched on my knee.

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"  
My mother then she asked of me.  
"One on guard in Lemnos is seen,  
And the other is Telgar's most amorous green."

Her eyes they whorled and then turned green,  
I looked again and she'd gone Between.  
But she bespoke me from out of the air,  
"Then to hell with the leader of the Benden Weyr."

John did such a good job reviewing the Westerfilk Collection last time that I thought I'd try to emulate him. Has anybody got a sharp knife? (What? You say it means what? Oh, rats...)

Stay tuned for the Reviewer's Corner, eight of which can be found in different places on the reviewer's head...

Seriously, there's a good collection of songs available called Crystal Visions. I've seen it on sale at Marcon and Balticon, so it's available in the east.

Margaret, any of this you might wish to put in Kantele, feel free. I've asked them to send the Filk Foundation a copy for the library, but I don't know if they will. It's worth buying if they don't.



### Crystal Visions: A Review

Among the many ways of deviding filksongs into two groups is to differentiate between those with original music and those to known tunes. For those tired of collections that have the 27th filksong to the tune "Battle Hymn of the Republic" next to the 83rd to the tune "Greensleeves" I recommend a collection called Crystal Visions. This is a collection of songs by Philip Wayne and Cynthia McQuillan. As far as I know, only one has appeared in print before ("Crimson, and Crystal" in the Westerfilk Collection), they all come with original music, and there are nice illustrations as well.

The first half of the collection is devoted to Songs of Legends Past. There are nine songs here. They speak of faeries and dancing, moonlight and elves, with most of them set during winter. My favorite from this group is "Snow Queen". Some of you may recognize the chorus, as I've sung it at several cons and SCA events.

Winter maid, silver white  
Winter maid, wild and free  
Snow jeweled maid, of the night  
Dawn can never be.

Several of the songs here could be sung during an SCA event, instead of waiting for the post-revel. The tunes are original, and the subject matter appropriate. In fact, one is identified as being "patterned after an old Anglo-Saxon riddle song." That one is entitled "Snow". The pattern is there, but the images seem crisper than I remember most of the old riddle songs.

The earth-sprites fall sleeping where I lay my hand.  
I make my clear home in the silver birch stand.  
I bring sleep and rest to battle tired land.  
I come with the cold and I ride on the wind.

The second half of the collection is Songs of Legends to Come. Fantasy is not forgotten, but it's now the fantasies of other world's, of dragons ("Dragon Lords") and a man who ruled the wind and the sea ("Ylan's Song"). There are also the "straight" science fiction songs. "Someday" tells of a wanderer who hopes to return home someday, but who knows that "someday is only a dream". In "Follow the Dog Star Home", the home that man is searching for is the stars. My favorite of the entire collection, "Silent Daggers", tells of a love that will literally last a thousand years (in frozen sleep).

I will wait a thousand years to waken at your side  
The coffin cold will chill the soul, but passion will abide.  
The freezing sleep will finally slip away to leave no scars,  
And we will carry mankind to the stars.

The collection costs \$5.00 (plus postage, I imagine), and can be ordered from Phillip Wayne, c/o the Crystal Well, POB 3145, Seal Beach, CA 90740. The music, while uncomplicated, is meant for individual performers. If your taste runs to "The Outer Space Marines", this is not for you. But if you are looking for a collection of the nice songs, this is worth getting.

- 1) except "Follow the Dog Star Home",  
which is almost note-for-note the  
same as the Irish tune "Bridget Flynn"

*Harold Groot*



SOMETHING OF NOTE #10

...is produced for the tenth collation of APA-Filk, due to take place on or about the first day of May 1981, Common Era, or,

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~~~~~

STFNAL MUSICALS?

Probably not, at least, not successfully. There have been, so far as I know, four cases of speculative-fiction musicals: two movies in the early 1930s, which can be found in Frederick Pohl's & Frederick Pohl's (two of them) SF Studies in Cinema, Via Galactica, which opened and closed at the Uris Theatre (one of the largest and newest Broadway theatres) within a couple of days of each other about, oh, three years ago; and Rocky Horror Picture Show, which was not stfnal, but a monster farce, ranking with 'Monster Mash.'

Nevertheless, occasional science fiction pieces do succeed on Broadway; however, such pieces have been anti-scientific pieces with large amounts of horror and allegory: Capek's R.U.R. and Frankenstein, at least in a 1920s version. A recent redoing of the latter was a disaster, spending two million dollars and closing the night it opened (the figures are drawn from the New York Times, which also stated that about half of that had been spent on special effects).

True, one might call Star Wars a musical; and a semi-musical version of War of the Worlds has been in production for a couple of years (based on an album. How long before we hear people saying: "You mean it's a book too?").

But still, no full-scale science fiction musicals. We occasionally see musical fantasies succeed: the movie version of The Wizard of Oz (but it took fifteen years, even though it has since become one of MGM's most successful picture); the stage version of Brigadoon (but with Lerner & Loewe's songs) though not the movie version; the stage version of The Wiz (though not the movie version which seemed calculated to succeed only in New York; whenever people tell me how terrible it was compared with the Garland Picture and begin to sing one of the more banal salsaed tunes, I respond with "We represent the Lollipop kids/ the lollipop kids, the lollipops kids./ We represent the lollipop kids/ And we welcome you to Munchkinland."). The Little Prince flopped in the movies because is was bad; and so did Xanadu, which managed to hit the ebbing tide of disco; there were, however, too good musical numbers: one, in which Gene Kelly's character and the Juvenile's character are looking at their disco-to-be and each imagines it with his kind of music: a New Wave Rock Band and a Big Band, each playing, until they merge; and another in which Gene Kelly dances with his memory of Olivia Newton-John in her last incarnation (yes, I know, but...),



4 May 1981

highly reminiscent of his Dance With His Ego in Cover Girl almost forty years before (in both movies, Kelly's character is named 'Danny Malone.' Yes, I know, but...).

Why can fantasy musicals work in special circumstances, but no attempt has been made to mine the currently popular science fiction vogue in musical form?

STATEMENT ONE: What we have been seeing is not actually science fiction, but sci-fi. Let's face it: a lot of the nice visual effects of the current broadstream have not been justifiable except in the face of very complicated hypotheses. They look good, but they don't necessarily make sense if you think about them. Star Wars borrows tremendous amounts of concepts from earlier sf, from the Q-Helix that blows up Alderaan to the Walkers that are modelled on H.G. Wells' Martians, but they don't make much sense; for the former, the flaw in the defense is on the order of the Godzilla Game Len Lakofka is reputed to have developed ten years ago, in which Godzilla is so heavily armored that if you wish to kill him you have to shoot a tank shell up his anus; as for making those Walkers, their stupidity is shown by the fact that they are destroyed by tying their knees together. This is the production model? Yet, Star Wars is the best of the current sf movement. Yes, I know that Stanley Kubrick is successful and is science fiction, but Kubrick is a maniac and no one else can touch him or bothers to try.

Sci-fi does not hold together. Today plotting is very important to musicals, or at least a logical self-consistency.

STATEMENT TWO: You don't get anywhere singing a song about a subject that no one cares about and for a musical to succeed you need to please a lot of people who will shell out \$35 for a front row orchestra seat. Despite changes of the last fifteen years, science fiction is still self-contained. To understand what new authors are talking about you have to go back and read earlier authors. Most of us consider hyperspace obvious, but you have to be willing to suspend your disbelief in return for gobbledegook about the Fourth Dimension.

STATEMENT THREE: dramatical precision still counts for something. You don't introduce something without it having a purpose (Walter Kerr, a few Sundays ago was complaining about segments written out of plays which leave their props on stage). If you wish to hang an ordinary musical storyline in a science-fictional context, that context had better be germane to the plot.

POSSIBILITIES: you need something science-fictional that is familiar to the large audience. I can conceive of only two fields.

1: FRANKENSTEIN, which is your typical their-are-some-things-man-was-not-meant-to-know plot. This might work. Working title: Frankie and Adam.

2: Dystopia. The public is familiar with the dystopia or anti-utopia as it is more commonly known. Everyone has at least heard of both 1984 and Brave New World.

PROBLEMS: you have to stop the pieces from descending into simple farce. Oh, farce might work, but both themes are serious and please note that Young Frankenstein, while a farce, was extremely respectful to the original movie versions.



4 May 1981

## ONE MORE TIME

APA-Filk #9

LEE: My point is not that I am not glad to have A Song of Gods Gone Mad, but that it could have been done much better by not doing it so thoroughly; the best songs are still best heard sung by Fred Kuhn with just his guitar. Like 'Filkers Do It 'Til Dawn.' Thanks for the index.

JOHN BOARDMAN: Like 'For the Benefit of Local Fen.' If you think that Lori Walls' song (it was not hers; she simply remember it) deserves a fuller treatment, feel free to do one.

The White Rock jingle went

The prettiest girl I ever saw

Was sipping White Rock right through a straw.

The prettiest girl I ever saw

Was sipping White Rock through a straw.

Since Jewish hymns were written only beginning in the 19th Century, we probably have a case of borrowed invention here.

I first heard a version of "Starship Unity" in Jamaica. It was called 'Shame and Scandal in the Family.' These songs, as well as 'Banned From Argo' and 'Star Whores' (which you give the commoner title 'Making Wookie' are excellent examples of bawdry. Liked 'To Saint George in England,' but 'The Friggin' Flacon' doesn't seem to scan to 'Ghost Riders.'

GREG BAKER: Enjoyed 'Dream'. Now, where's the tune?

HAROLD: 'The Falling Rain' was good.

MARGERET: Who owns the rights to the Godzilla carols? I think Freff and friends started them, but I'm not sure.

JORDIN: I don't know about the distribution of 'A Song of Gods Gone Mad.' Check at conventions.

~~~~~

Inspiration is short right now for a couple of reasons. First, workload is heavier than normal and I've a few projects in the fire that require versifying, which cuts down on my desire to do it in my spare time. Second, my primary source of inspiration occurs at conventions, and I haven't been to any. I was going to show up at Boskone, but someone had lye thrown in his face and had to be hospitalized and I wound up taking his shift that weekend. Next, Lunacon came up the same weekend as PrinceCon (the annual PrinceCon D&D Convention) and I had to decide whether to miss my first Lunacon in ten years or my first PrinceCon (I've attended all six and seem to be responsible for the contracted name). I finally decided to show up at PrinceCon because some people who I wished to see were attending PrinceCon and some whom I wished to avoid were attending Lunacon.

Since things worked out that way, I found myself without the spur of filking and normal con discussions that impel me to write filk.

Abyssinia

*Robert Bryan Liptob*  
Robert Bryan Liptob







WING JEL

(59557) 10th Stanza Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 212-336-3255 /  
for APA-Filk #10 - Beltane/May Day // April 6, 1981

Despite (because of?) Bob Lipton's absence, Boskone was a nice con for filksinging. Saturday night there was a Midwestern one, featuring several Silverlock songs. Sunday, the Golds had a real fest, beginning with "Banned from Argo" and (with a slight title change and addition of a SCAdian verse) Boardman's "My God, How the Dragons Roar In"; I soloed the Beowulf stanza which they hadn't heard. Later, Joe Ross came in and Robt Sacks and I were unable to prevent his singing "Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic." Chip Hitchcock's tracing of "The Engineer's Song" to the English "I water the workers' beer" prompted Lee to ask if it went back to the Garden of Eden and my suggestion, herein expanded:

THE BABEL ENGINEERS (tune: "The Engineer's Song")

After the Flood, the sons of Nimrod journeyed from the east,  
Settling upon the plains in Shinar, their numbers increased.  
One day an engineer said he'd show God a thing or two,  
Which was about the strangest thing that Man would ever do.

(CHORUS:)

We are, we are, we are, we are the Babel engineers,  
We'll build our Tower up to Heaven even if it takes years,  
So bring your bricks and mortar and com'on and join our crew  
And we don't give a damn about God or Man 'cause they nicht  
give a damn about nous.

Now, God Himself, remember, was a heck of an engineer,  
He was divinely pissed off at their proud and blatant dare,  
So he confounded the language of the boys at Babel Tech --  
Their instructions misunderstood, their Tower turned to dreck.

(CHORUS:)

Sumus, vi sommes, nosostros Ær Ingenieurren Babels ...

A showing of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS ... SPECIAL EDITION inspired this:

CLOSE ENCOUNTER

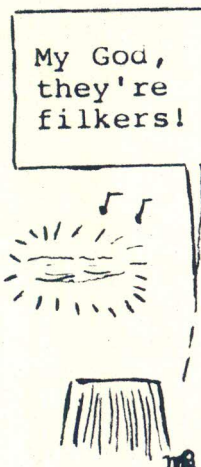
There's something happening here  
What it is ain't exactly clear  
There's some lights in the sky over there  
And they're tellin' me to look for somewhere.

(CHORUS) Hey now, what's that sound?  
Everybody look what's comin' down!


I came home with a real weird suntan --  
From then on I was a driven man,  
Molding potatoes, shaving cream and mud,  
My wife thought my brains had turned to crud.

(C)

To Devil's Tower I managed to go,  
Saw the psychedelic light-&-sound show --  
Looks like I'm joinin' their crew -- When you  
Wish upon a star, your dreams come true. (C)



~~~~~ THE MELODY LINGERS: A Few Comments on APA-Filk #9 ~~~~~

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Yes, at Tara you definitely wouldn't "look for the Union label."  
QWXB/Greg Baker: In the last stanza, for a transition to the Chorus, can "America"/"space" be reversed or "the New World" used: "And space today is the New World for dreams." 



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